

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside

MONTREAL, MAY 17, 1940.

77th Year.

EMPIRE DAY

LAST year the King and Queen spent a happy Victoria Day with us in Canada. Things are very different now when war is raging. Their Majesties are constantly busy carrying out the duties of Royalty and have little time to think of trips or pleasure. As always, their energies are directed to the service of the nation and Empire. They are constantly occupied visiting and encouraging the members of all the fighting services. A picture in the papers one day will show His Majesty chatting informally with the officers of the Royal Air Force as he visits the war zone in France. Again we hear that he is conferring with his ministers on matters of grave national importance. He is ever on the job.

At his side continually is our beloved Queen inspecting ambulances and Red Cross equipment, visiting soldiers, sailors and airmen, reviewing troops, touring the industrial districts and inspiring factory workers to "carry on" with their great task.

Uplifted by their courage and faith, the hearts of all in the Empire will go out to them on Empire Day. They are sharing our anxieties even to the necessary separation from their children, which is part of the sacrifices of war in Britain. The Two Princesses had to be "evacuated" as far as possible from the danger zone at the beginning of the war. Consequently there are considerable intervals during which they do not see their parents.

This week's delightful picture was taken on the Princess Elizabeth's fourteenth birthday, which she celebrated with her Father and Mother and Princess Margaret at Windsor. "Little Princess Elizabeth" has grown in the past year and is no longer a "little girl."

Princess Margaret though not quite so grown up, still is able to understand that sons and daughters must play their part in these hard days as well as parents. She and her sister sympathize with other little "evacuees" and help to cheer them up with gifts and friendly words. The Royal Family with these truly regal qualities of kindness and courtesy deserve all our loyalty and love as we think of them on Empire Day.



When General Smuts Saved a Life

By REV. W. D. REID.

PERHAPS there is no greater international statesman in the world today than that great South African warrior, Jan Christiaan Smuts, who is holding the lines for British connection in South Africa today. Well do I remember his visit to Montreal in 1930, and his magnificent address before the Canadian Club of Montreal on the subject of "Great Britain and her Mission to the World," when he lauded Britain and the British to the skies.

Afterwards I had the privilege of a short conversation with that distinguished statesman, which will never be forgotten by me. Never do I see his name in print, or hear it mentioned, but I think of a story, once told me by a South African veteran in Alberta a long time ago.

Dr. Cormac, of Holden, Alberta, was a rather reticent, silent type of man, who needed drawing out on most subjects. One evening after dinner, as we sat before the fire, I sought to draw him out on his South African experiences. With some difficulty I drew from him the following story which I have every reason to believe was true in every detail. I will give it in his own words as closely as possible:

* * *

"I WAS in Queen's University, in my last year in medicine, when the South African War broke out in October, 1899. I could not study, and so applied for the position of Doctor and was accepted. I quit all studies, got into a uniform, and went to Africa with my regiment. I served in many capacities there, spending many days in the compounds where were gathered the Boer women and children, looking after their health and assisting in every way possible. That, however, did not suit me, and at last I got into the saddle and went out with the soldiers, which suited me much better.

"One day my company went out to reconnoitre a Boer commando which we knew to be in the vicinity, and I went with it. It was at the time when the war was in its most bitter stage, and little mercy was being shown by either side. The Boers had learned of our coming, and when we arrived we got a reception. After exchanging a few shots, the retreat was sounded.

"As we galloped back towards our home encampment, where there was a big body of our troops, I noticed a trooper riding near me, suddenly fall from his horse, badly wounded. The bullets were whistling around us on all sides, but I stopped my horse and at once went to his assistance. I discovered that a bullet had gone through his lung and he was bleeding profusely. I

at once started to staunch the wound to keep the man from bleeding to death.

FACING DEATH

"IN the meantime the Boers, coming up surrounded us, but I worked away as if they were not there. Our heavy body of troops being not very far away, and the afternoon being pretty well gone, they decided to camp for the night. One man who spoke good English, asked me: 'Are you a doctor?' I answered in the affirmative, and said, 'I am a doctor from Canada.'

"'But,' said he, 'you are armed; you have a revolver.' I had to admit it. They gathered around me, and did a lot of talking in the Dutch language, which I did not understand.

"After a time a man who seemed to be some sort of officer said, 'You say you are a doctor, but you are armed, and we have decided that you will be shot at daylight tomorrow morning.'

"As I went on with my work binding up the wounded man, many strange thoughts passed through my mind, and I looked Eternity in the face. I was not afraid, but it seemed a strange end for me, a Canadian, to come to my death away out here on the African veldt. I thought of home, of father, and mother, and brothers and sisters . . . never would I see them again.

"Looking up I saw a distinguished-looking man on a large white horse ride into camp. Upon enquiring as to who the man was, the Boer who had communicated to me my death sentence said, 'That is Jan Christiaan Smuts, the General in charge of the whole command.'

"I at once asked to be brought before him, and I was led a prisoner into the presence of General Smuts. He looked at me with a pair of keen blue eyes that would almost pierce one through, and then said somewhat brusquely,

"'Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?'

"I told him I was a doctor all the way from Canada, and had spent most of my time looking after the health of the Boer women and children in the laagers. 'What laagers were you in?' he said. I replied that I had spent several weeks in one compound about five miles away, where there had been an epidemic of diphtheria and scarlet fever.

"'Can you give me the name of the superintendent in charge?' he asked. I replied that it was a Dutch woman named Madame Kootze, that she was a great friend of mine, and that I had

treated her three children for scarlet fever.

SMUTS'S DECISION

"GENERAL SMUTS sat for a time in silence, knitting his brow, and then called for one of his orderlies and gave him some orders in Dutch which I did not understand. The orderly at once mounted his horse, taking with him another horse with a saddle and bridle on it, but no rider and galloping away over the veldt, was soon lost to sight.

"For the time being I was put in charge of a soldier, and was told I was a prisoner. I can tell you I did some hard thinking as to what the outcome of it all was going to be. In about two hours' time, looking away out over the veldt towards the setting sun, and thinking that perhaps it was the last time I would see it set, I saw two horses coming; on the one a man, on the other a woman.

"As they drew near, I saw that the occupant of the hitherto empty saddle was my friend, Mrs. Kootze. As she came up to where I was standing, she jumped from her horse, and running up to me threw her arms around my neck and kissed me on both cheeks. 'So they are thinking of shooting you, Dr. Cormac?' she asked. I replied, 'Yes, Mrs. Kootze, tomorrow morning at daybreak.'

"'Well, they won't,' she said, and taking my arm she led me to General Smuts's tent. When we arrived at the General's tent (she seemed to know him well), she said, 'General Smuts, this man has been our doctor over at the camp for many weeks. He has saved the lives of many of our women and children. He has brought a good many Boer children into this world and has never lost a mother or a child. He treated my own three children for scarlet fever, and I believe saved their lives. He has often sat up whole nights tending our women and children and you simply must not shoot him. He has been our greatest friend.'

* * *

"THE General sat, silently taking in all that the vigorous Dutch woman was saying about the merits of the little Canadian doctor. Then he said, after asking a few questions, 'Thank you, Mrs. Kootze, your plea has saved the doctor's life.'

Then, turning to me, he said, to my astonishment, 'Doctor, won't you have supper with me? There are many questions about this war and also about Canada that I would like to ask you.' Calling his orderly he ordered supper for two. He asked many questions (Please turn to Page 13.)

Friend of All the World

By "YARN SPINNER"

For the Messenger.

"I LIKE the Scouts," said young Sidney L'Estrange to his big brother Hugh, "all except one thing."

"What is that?" asked Hugh.

"Well," said Sid, "I think there's too much mixing. I was down at Headquarters the other evening. I went to get a buzzer for my Morse. You know I'm working for my Second Class. Well, a P.L.'s rally was on. And do you know our P.L.'s were mixed up with the P.L.s from the Mill District and the Canal District. Why, there were colored boys and foreigners there. Some of them hadn't got uniforms"—Sidney's nose tilted up in disdain,— "and that's not the worst. We've reached the limit. There was a colored kid in St. Peter's, Mose something-or-other. His big brother Sam has got a job as chauffeur at Sir Archibald McGregor's big house up the hill and Mose has actually been transferred to our troop!"

* * *

HUGH laughed. "Well," he said, "I know all about Sam coming up here. I got him the job. He's a fellow for whom I have a great respect. And as for Mose, you know that his mother is dead and his father is away. Sir Archibald very kindly said that he could live at The Towers with Sam."

"Well, why need he join our troop?" snapped Sidney. "I met the kid in the street today. I saw that he was going to speak to me, so I looked the other way. Haven't you heard the other thing about him?—You said his father's away. He is away, he is in jail!"

"A good many people think Johnson was 'framed,'" rejoined Hugh. "The Paxton silver has never been found. Anyhow, even if he is guilty, is that the kid's fault? Mose is a fine little fellow. Down in St. Peter's we call him after Rudyard Kipling's 'Kim', 'Little Friend of All the World'. He paid St. Peter's a funny compliment the other evening when he was leaving. 'Most of you fellows has white skins, but you all has black hearts!' By the way, what day is this?"

* * *

SID stared, "Why Victoria Day,—some call it Empire Day. Have you forgotten we're going to the woods?"

"No, I hadn't forgotten. Well, Queen Victoria was a friend to the poorest of her subjects, and tried to be friendly with everyone, whatever their color or race. Her great men learned the art of friendliness and it is through friendliness more than through force of arms that the Empire has been built up.

"When you're a bit longer in the Scouts, you will learn that

A SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO ALL AND A BROTHER TO EVERY OTHER SCOUT.

"Well, I suppose it is time we started. Let us show Mose today that we really consider him a 'brother Scout'."

It was the morning of Victoria Day. St. Edmund's Troop planned to "make a day of it" in the woods. St. Peter's of the Canal District were to be there also.

Scouters McDonald of St. Edmunds and Doyle and L'Estrange of St. Peter's were strong for 'mixing.' Perhaps at first some of St. Edmund's might be a bit "stand offish" and St. Peter's a bit shy, but as the boys got together that would wear off.

Boys care little for class distinctions. As a rule they take a fellow at his real value whether his father's a duke or a dustman.

Sid still looked glum and unconvinced, but Hugh felt satisfied that before the day in the woods was ended he would get over it.

* * *

IT took about an hour to get to the woods. Hugh, Donovan and McDonald got as many boys as possible to pile on to their cars, and for the rest there was a special bus, one or two coming on bicycles.

Queen Victoria

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood,

*Glorying in the glory of her people,
Sorrowing with the sorrow of the lowest,*

* * *

She wrought her people lasting good.

*Her court was pure, her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;*

*A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen;*

*And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the season when to take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet*

*By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.*

—Alfred Tennyson.

The woods were dry, except in the hollows, where some snow was lying. First there were games. In the woods they learn to put the "out" in Scouting and there is no fun better than tracking, treasure hunts, despatch running and such Scouting games.

Then there was lunch and a rest. Mose, the negro boy, was in the thick of everything. His bright eyes and flashing teeth and above all his readiness to help made him a general favorite. Sid, however, still maintained his "grouch" and persistently snubbed poor Mose.

After the rest-period there were tests passed and instruction given, birds, trees, animals and other natural objects coming in for attention.

Then there were other games. "Smugglers and Coastguards." St. Edmund's were the smugglers and St. Peter's the coastguards. The former had to get the smuggled goods, a haversack and its contents, through to a certain tree a mile away where McDonald awaited them.

They could go in twos or singly. They could pass the goods from one to the other. If they chose they could divide them up between them. Points would be given for men and articles captured or brought through.

Sidney and Mose found themselves together. The spirit of his African forefathers seemed to get hold of Mose for he slipped through the grass and tangled undergrowth as silently as a snake. He was continually telling Sid to "Hush!" "Lie down!" Sid did not like it.

Creeping through the bush, they found themselves on the bank of the St. Clare River. In summer, St. Clare is a small stream. But in April and May when the snow is melting in the hills, it becomes a veritable torrent.

Besides this, the banks, being clay, are subject to landslides, sometimes tons of earth, loosened by spring rains and melting snows, come pitching into the stream. A light bridge spanned the river, marking the approach to a small shack on the other bank. The boys made for the bridge.

They were within six feet of it when they saw two of the "coast guards" further up the stream. Sid became excited and didn't "watch his step" with the result that he stood on a fallen branch which broke under his weight with a "crack" like a pistol shot. The "coast guards" saw him. He rushed forward on to the bridge.

At the same moment Mose saw something that almost made his curly hair stand on end. A great fissure had

(Please turn to Page 4.)

A National Processional Anthem

By G. M. D.

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*God of Nations, bless our nation,
May all her ways be grounded in Thy truth;
In Thy service may elation
Renew, make eagle-free her splendid youth.*

Chorus—

*In God we trust, to Him we owe
Visions that set our hearts aglow
Seeking His holy will to know
Onward, from strength to strength we go.*

*Within our borders come perfection,
Justice for each, for each sufficient wealth;
We would be through Thy direction
A people full of joyousness and health.*

*Hoping all things for our Nation,
Enlarge our hearts to love Thy larger plan;
To aid Thee in a new creation,
A well-knit, world-wide Brotherhood of Man.*

FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 3.)

opened in the bank opposite. Cliff, shack and bridge were sliding into the river!

* * *

GRABBING Sid round the waist he tried to pull him back. Sid, half impatiently, half in panic, turned and struck at him. In a moment the two were struggling at the bottom of the gully in a mass of mud and stones and timber, over which the water raged madly.

Mose's eyes and mouth were full of mud. Sid lay upon him like a dead weight. Mose grasped his belt, slid from underneath, and half swimming, half wading, bore the other lad to the shore.

Sid soon recovered his senses. Gripping the hands of the negro boy he said,

"Sorry, Mose! I've been mean. You're a good Scout. You saved my life!"

Mose returned the hand pressure. A smile broke through the mud which coated his face.

"Well, you know Sid," he said, "A Scout is a brother to every other Scout, and I ain't aimin' to let my brother git drowned."

By this time the two "coast guards" had come up and the four boys paused a moment, in spite of the bedraggled

condition of Mose and Sid, to watch the swirling water.

* * *

THE ruins of the shack had drifted to their side of the river. The floor floated like a raft except that one side was submerged as if weighted down by some heavy object. As it approached the bank, the boys saw that the object was a steel-clamped chest. They waded into the water and hauled it ashore. It was heavy. It was all they could do to lift it onto the bank.

As they did so they heard a shout from the opposite bank of the river.

"Hey, boys! That's my box!" The speaker, a rough-looking man, seemed excited. He stood within a few yards of where the shack had been.

The boys saw that another slide was imminent. "Take care, sir!" they yelled in chorus.

They were too late. Down came the avalanche of clay and stones bringing several big trees with it. When they saw the stranger again, he was far beyond their reach, holding grimly to one of the trees, drifting rapidly downstream.

About fifty yards below where the boys stood a cape juts out into the river. By racing across this point they might reach the spot ahead of the tree and get the man off. That is, if he kept afloat so long.

By this time they had been joined

by two of the other "coast guards" and the six boys reached the other side of the point in time to see the trees sweeping towards them. The man was still clinging desperately to one of them.

Making a living life-line by catching hands, Mose being farthest out, the boys waded into the stream. It was a hazardous job. The current was swift, the bottom treacherous and the floating trees with their great roots and spreading branches made it extra risky.

* * *

BUT they won out. Mose gripped the stranger and together they hauled him ashore, looking more dead than alive.

He was seriously hurt, they could see that. His head was bleeding from a deep cut, one arm hung limply by his side, and he groaned as they laid him on the river bank.

Sid ran and fetched Hugh and the other Scouts. Examination showed that besides his head-wound, the stranger's right arm and three of his ribs were broken. First aid was administered and his wet clothes exchanged for a sweater and an overcoat. A stretcher was improvised out of sweaters and staves and he was carried to the cars.

Weird costumes were also improvised for the shivering boys, and soon all were on their way to town.

A phone message from a wayside stand where they all had hot cocoa brought an ambulance to meet them at the city limits. The doctor pronounced the stranger's hurts serious but not dangerous, in view of the excellent "first aid" with which they had been treated.

As the injured man was lifted from the car to the ambulance, he opened his eyes and whispered, "I want to see that colored boy."

Mose came with his usual expansive smile.

"I'se glad you'se goin' to be all right, suh," he said.

The man looked at him in a strange, puzzled way.

"Do you know," he said, "that I'm Jake Green, the man that 'framed' your dad? The Paxton silver is in that box."

"I guessed about dat silver," said Mose, with a yet wider grin, "And sure I knowed you, Mistah Green. I done knowed you as soon as I seed you at de river."

"But you and your friends saved me," said Green.

"Sure we saved you, Mistah Green," and Mose's smile was broader than ever. "How come? Don' you know we is Scouts? And A SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO EVERYONE."

It is men of faith who have saved the world, not men of knowledge.—Sir Wilfred Grenfell

SECOND START

By L. E. EUBANKS
For the Messenger.

WITH a rifle-like crack, Spud Buckley's big bat sent the ball far into the center field. Spud streaked it for first, as Ted Rice came home from third. The bases were still full, the Sunshine Preps three runs ahead with nobody out, and this was the fourth inning.

Scowling blackly, Pitcher Dave Blackburn held the ball. What should he serve this time; who was this batter, did he remember him? Well, why should he care? He'd been beaten before he entered the box; and wasn't it always that way? And why did he repeatedly consent to try, when he knew down in his heart that he never could play his real game with everybody against him? Or were they? Was something wrong with him? No, he decided.

Then, before Dave started his wind-up, Catcher Ward signaled for a "consultation". As they met, Ward ground his teeth. "You boob," he hissed. "Of all the batsmen in the state, you would give Spud Buckley a cinch; you know he eats those slow drops. Snap into it, you dumb-bell!"

Fighting mad, Dave threw another drop, deliberately making it slow. He knew it meant a walk to the bench—probably final dismissal, but he'd reached the breaking point.

Obeysing the signal, he withdrew—but he didn't stop at the bench. On he walked; he'd leave that field never to return; he might even quit Belldew High.

Jeff Dean, editor of the High School Signal, overtook him before he reached the exit.

"You're crazy, Blackburn; if you leave now, Captain Ward'll never take you back. Don't you ever get out of bed on the right side? Guess you put that chronic grouch under your pillow at night so you can get it on before you dress."

"None of your lip, Dean," stormed the pitcher. "I'm through. You know as well as I that there's not a student at Belldew that likes me. I've been left out of everything; this is my third year and I've never been invited any place. What did they do to me in basketball? I was the fastest man on the floor, someone said, but didn't Carl Drew

there was so much insincerity in the whole world as I've seen in high school life."

Dean called after him: "It's your finish if you leave now. They're putting young Davy in the box and he won't last long. Ward may—"

"I don't care what Ward does!" Dave hurled back.

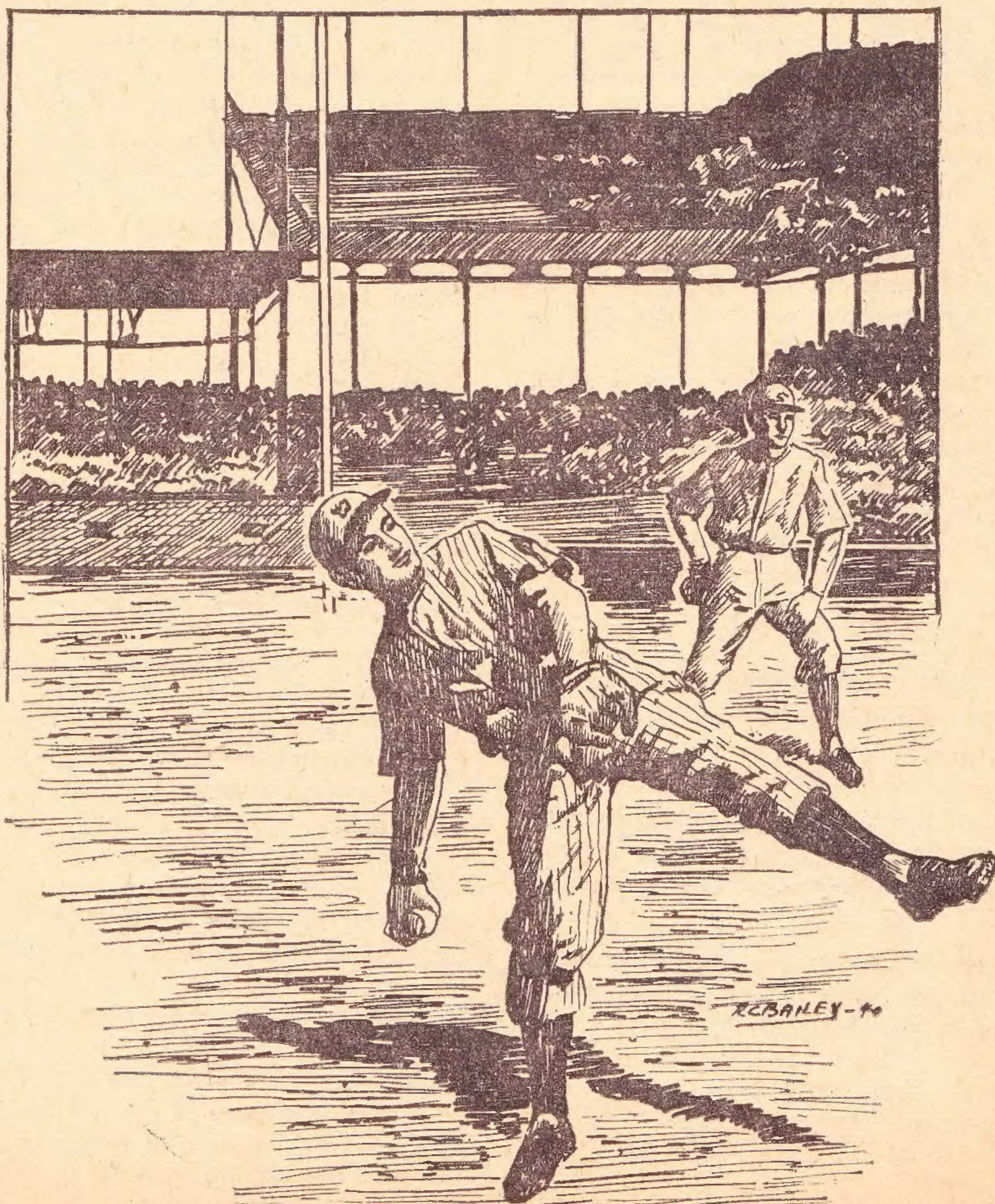
* * *

THOUGH BELLEDEW was not a large city, it had what some of the citizens were pleased to call its tenement district. The south wall of the ball park was not far from the dilapidated structures on the tenement district's northern edge. In one of the oldest houses, in a front room on the third floor, lived the Matens, a very unfortunate family. Mr. Maten was unemployed, and ill most of the time; Mrs. Maten had work only for short hours; and Jimmy, twelve years old, had been virtually helpless in bed for six months. Formerly the boy had been of great

help, selling newspapers both morning and evening. It was only after the accident in which Jimmy's spine had been seriously injured, that the family's circumstances had forced the move to their present quarters.

But the location had one feature that endeared it to Jimmy; in fact, he called it "just right". Lying in bed, the little cripple could look across Norton Street, then a vacant lot, and over the ball park's south wall. He only had that one amusement, but it was his favorite—had been even when he was well. He saw every game, and since there were several teams using the park baseball meant a lot to Jimmy Maten.

Well did he know all the high school players. Many times during important games he had done a good business with his papers at the field gates. And of all the Belldew High players, Jimmy's hero was the husky, broad-shouldered pitcher, Dave Blackburn. Of course his hero didn't remember, but he had once given Jimmy a baseball, and it still remained the little fellow's greatest treasure. Some day, thought the cripple as he watched Dave's every (Please turn to Page 9.)



"COME ON, DAVE, LET'S FAN HIM."

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WEEKLY

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

MAY 17, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

- Sun. : How long halt ye between two thoughts?—1 Kings 18:21.
Mon. : The Lord understandeth the thoughts.—1 Chron. 28:9.
Tue. : Bring into captivity every thought to Christ.—11 Cor. 10:5.
Wed. : How precious are Thy thoughts to me, O God.—Ps. 139:17.
Thu. : I know the thoughts that I think toward you.—Jer. 29:11.
Fri. : Thoughts of peace and not evil.—Jer. 29:11.
Sat. : The Lord knoweth the thought of the wise.—1 Cor. 3:20.

A Great Ruler

(The king) shall judge Thy people with righteousness and Thy poor with judgment.

* * *

He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

* * *

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth. Psalms. 72:2, 4, 6.

All men stumble; some fall; the wise ones get up.

* * *

He is not harmless who harms himself.

"Not Reform but Rebirth"

WHAT England needs is not reorganization but resurrection, not reforms but rebirth, not new measures, but a new type of man—the heroic Christian. What we need is the earthquake "power of His Resurrection" to roll away the stones and release them. How is it going to come?

What a responsibility this lays upon us and the whole Christian community of this country—the heart of the nation is secretly aware of its spiritual need. A statesman who has been acclaimed by all as really voicing the thoughts of the Empire has gone so far as to express that need in the words of Christ—"What England needs is to be born again. . . ."

The world still awaits a real lead from the Church, a sign that the Church does mean what it talks about.

It has come to this, that if Christ cannot save England, no one else will, and that, at present, Christ is unable to save England because of the appalling shortage of real Christians in every walk of life."—Bishop Burrows of Ripon.

Remember

In intercession let us remember all who are lonely and discouraged, by outward circumstance or inward condition. . . . Families separated through war, especially the newly married, and those in anxiety because of loved ones sick, frail and aged. . . . Those who are in places of great danger and those who are torn by fears. . . . Those who are wounded and those who are bereaved.

Pray that every path of pain may lead to God.

Crossing the Bar

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The Pilgrim's Song

WHO would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather,
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is
No lion can him fright,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He'll not fear what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

—JOHN BUNYAN.

Five Positives

IN the third chapter of John's First Epistle there are five things worth knowing:—

- 1.—We KNOW that He was manifested to take away our sins (v. 5).
- 2.—We KNOW that we have passed from death unto life. (v. 14)
- 3.—We KNOW that we are of the truth (v. 19).
- 4.—We KNOW that He abideth in us (v. 24).
- 5.—We KNOW that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is (v. 2).

—War Cry.

The Choice

THE nation need not go Communist or Fascist. It can go Christian. But to go Christian does not mean the usual petty interpretation of being Christian. It must be Christian in the sense of being nothing less than the Kingdom of God on earth.—E. Stanley Jones.

Young People's
Bible
Reading

Jeremiah, Victor in Defeat

by BERGAN

for Sunday
MAY 26, 1940.
Jeremiah 31:
31-37.

MATTERS in Judah became worse and worse. We read the story of the decline and fall of the Kingdom in 2 Kings 24 and 25, in 2 Chron. 36 and throughout the book of Jeremiah.

Through all this time of distress and conflict, of internal anarchy and foreign invasion, of foolish and wicked kings and of people too ready to follow in their footsteps, Jeremiah stands out a true prophet and a true patriot.

"He loved his people with that pure intensity of feeling and lucid insight which makes men's common patriotism seem a trivial and tawdry thing. He saw all their sin and folly with unblinded eyes, and recoiled from it with loathing. . . . Gentle and trustful, he seemed no match for the open violence or secret treachery which he again and again encountered, and yet through his long ministry of forty years he faced his foes with that loftiest courage which triumphs over nature, rebuked his people with relentless severity, and contradicted their dearest prejudices. . .

"He knew what it was, like Paul . . . to bear about unceasing pain in his heart for his kinsmen according to the flesh. . . . We can tell one by one the bitter ingredients mingled in his draught: the dark sin of his people that had grown inveterate, the light-hearted folly with which it went dancing on the road to its inevitable destruction, the scorn and hatred heaped on him for treason to the country he loved above life, the irritation at his rebukes, the incredulity of his warnings." (Peake, The Century Bible)

THE PROPHET STATESMAN

JUDAH had become incorporated in the Babylonian Empire. But beyond paying tribute the little kingdom, like other small neighboring kingdoms, was allowed to manage its own internal affairs.

Jeremiah consistently counselled the kings to make the best of it, to be loyal to God, to show that loyalty by doing justice to their people and to avoid rebellion which would only bring utter destruction on the nation. He gave similar advice to the kings of the other small Syrian states. See especially chapters 27 and 28.

Jeremiah used many ways in trying to bring home his message to the people. Once he led some of the priests and elders to the Vale of Tophet outside Jerusalem. Lifting up a potter's earthen vessel, he dashed it against the rocks. When the crowd gathered he told them

*Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.*

* * *

*Workman of God! oh! lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.*

*Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.*

*For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.*

—F. W. Faber.

that God said that He would break people and city for their evil doings as the earthen bottle had been broken. (Chap. 19). From Tophet he went to the temple and repeated the warning.

Jeremiah was opposed by the professional prophets. He was called a defeatist, a traitor, a pro-Chaldean. He was put in the stocks so that people would make game of him. (20:1, 2) He was imprisoned, Chap. 37. Later he was lowered into a pit and left to starve. (Read about this and how he was rescued by the king's Ethiopian

servant, 38:1-28) Over and over again he was in danger of assassination.

Three times the Chaldeans came up against Jerusalem. (2 Kings 24:1, 2, 10-16; 25:1-21) Just before the final catastrophe, (chap. 34) the king made a belated show of doing away with Hebrew slavery, but as soon as the threat of invasion lifted, the old evil slave system was re-established.

Finally Jerusalem was taken and destroyed and with it the beautiful temple. The king and most of the people were carried captives to Babylon.

The Chaldean commander released Jeremiah from prison and offered to bring him to Babylon and treat him well. But Jeremiah would not take favors from the enemies of his country. Besides he felt that the distressed people who were left in Judah needed him.

They showed him no gratitude. Strongly against Jeremiah's advice, the greater part of them went down to Egypt, carrying him with them. The last we hear of him is in Egypt. He protested against his people's idolatry. (chap. 44) In answer they blamed him for everything, saying that their misfortunes had begun as soon as in their own land they had forsaken the worship of their favorite idol, Ashtoreth "the queen of heaven." Tradition says that they finally turned on the prophet and stoned him. His long term of service had ended in martyrdom and apparent failure.

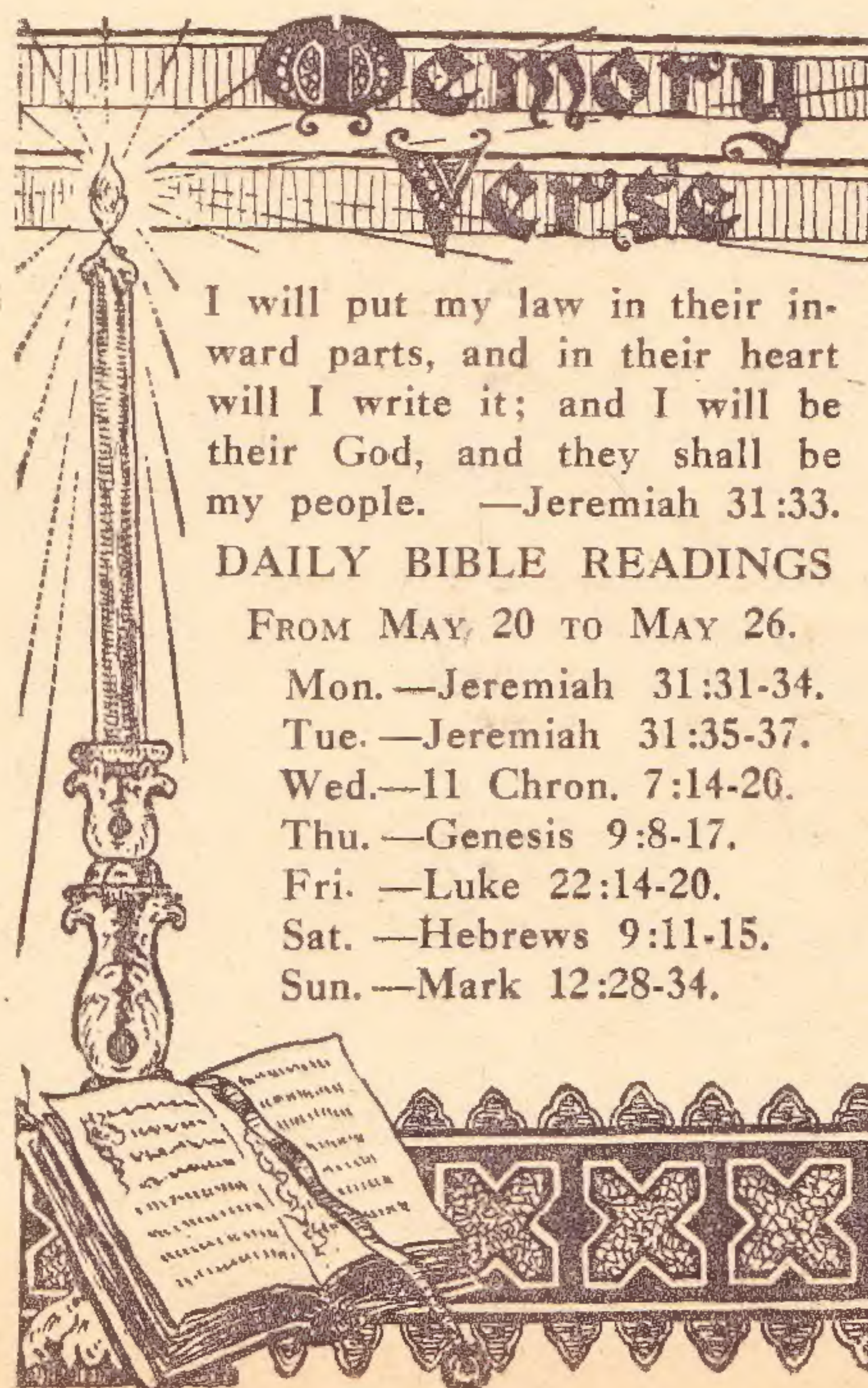
A SPIRITUAL POWER

BUT no man fails who serves God.

Let us go back a little. Once Jeremiah stood in a potter's shop. (18:1-6) The potter was making a vessel. But something went wrong. It seemed almost as though the piece of clay were conscious and twisted in the potter's hand so that he failed in shaping it as he intended. But the potter didn't throw it away. "He made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it."

It taught Jeremiah that God is never defeated. He turns His greatest defeats into His greatest victories. That is St. Paul's great word also. (Rom. 11) Judah might try to twist herself out of the hand of God but He would not give her up.

Israel would never be an empire as she had been under David and Solomon. But the very exile that she had brought on herself would be a step to—
(Please turn to Page 8.)



Memory Verse
I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. —Jeremiah 31:33.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM MAY 20 TO MAY 26.

Mon.—Jeremiah 31:31-34.

Tue.—Jeremiah 31:35-37.

Wed.—11 Chron. 7:14-20.

Thu.—Genesis 9:8-17.

Fri.—Luke 22:14-20.

Sat.—Hebrews 9:11-15.

Sun.—Mark 12:28-34.

UNSURPASSED

"For my part, I believe that the Temperance Party, during the last sixty or seventy years, have performed services for the benefit of our people which are *unsurpassed in the history of philanthropic movements in this country.*"—Sir Herbert Samuel.

Sir Robert Stout, P.C., K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of N.Z., said:—"One third of the crime in N.Z. is due to drink."

"Alcohol kills more men than war, and kills them more dishonourably."—Cardinal Mercier.

Lord Justice Coleridge said:—"I can keep no terms with a vice that fills our jails, that destroys the comfort of homes, and the peace of families."

Lady Baden-Powell last year gave 9,131 pennies to the Scout Fund in England, a penny a day for all the years she has been connected with the movement.

NECESSARY RESTRICTION

ANOTHER instance of abuse lies in the power of the trade to indulge in unrestricted liquor advertisements. The State is spending considerable sums in teaching school children the A. B. C. of health, in warning them of the harmful effects of alcoholic indulgence, and is trying to build up an A1 nation. At the same time the State permits the liquor trade to disseminate, on an unprecedented scale, false and misleading information regarding intoxicants. Restriction, such as that imposed by Parliament on moneylenders advertisements, is obviously called for in respect of drink advertisements.—Sel.

"Nations are gathered out of nurseries, and they who hold the leading strings of children may even exercise a greater power than those who hold the reins of government."—Anon.

ANCHORS

"**G**O", said—John Knox to his wife, as he lay a-dying, and the words were his last, "go, read where I cast my first anchor." She did not need to be told, so she read, "This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Many a man since the days of the old reformer has cast his anchor on some text of Scripture and staked everything on it. The outstanding example is David Livingstone. "I read that Jesus said," he writes in his journal, "'Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.' It is the word of a gentleman of the most strict and sacred honour, so there's an end of it."

The Unseen Hand

I have not seen, I may not see,
My hopes for man take form in fact,
But God will give the victory
In due time; in that faith I act.
And he who sees the future sure
The baffling present may endure,
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand
that leads
The heart's desires beyond the halting
step of deeds.

—J. G. Whittier.

JEREMIAH

(Continued from Page 7.)

ward a spiritual Empire through which she would bless all nations.

Jeremiah looked beyond the dark present to an ultimate restoration. (30:1—33:13) And a man who stands with God will not stand alone forever. A number of young men had been attracted to Jeremiah's side. One was Baruch to whom we owe portions of our Book of Jeremiah. Another who probably as a boy listened to his teaching was Ezekiel, of whom we shall say something next week.

Jeremiah had seen the Law found and the Law forgotten. He had seen the temple crowded and the temple destroyed. He had seen Israel in prosperity and Israel in ruin.

But the dark night that covered him brought out the stars. He learned a truth that made him a chief among Old Testament spiritual discoverers.

THE NEW COVENANT

THE greatest thing hitherto had been a Law. The Ten Commandments, given to the people by God through Moses and taught again with new applications by the prophets, had "made" the Hebrew people.

But great as the Law was it was "weak through the flesh." It was something outside one. The people had lapsed from it repeatedly.

Israel and Judah had broken the Covenant which God had made with them when He "took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt." (31:32) "The metaphor is of a child guided by his father in his faltering steps." (Peake) We have the same lovely picture of God's gentleness and tender care in Hos. 11:1-3; Isa. 41:13, 42:6.

God in His kindness and pity would make a new covenant with them. (31:31-37) "Instead of an external law engraven on tables of stone there will be a law written on tables that are hearts of flesh. . . . The heart, and thus the whole life, has with the engraving of the law upon it, itself become new. . . . Thus, by being transformed from a foreign ruler into a native and inward impulse, the law gains the power of self-fulfilment." (Peake)

This is the teaching of the New Tes-

tament—the "New Covenant". (It is the same word) We find Jeremiah quoted in Heb. 8:8-12.

The Old Covenant had been between God and the nation or between God and a man as representative of the nation. The thought of the individual was there, but it had not been stressed.

Jeremiah was the great prophet of Democracy, of "every man standing firm."

"Jeremiah had found the last stronghold for the words of God—not a book, not a temple but the heart of the common man." ("Men Who Stood Alone")

"It is Jeremiah who first lays stress on the individual's relationship to God, and God's relation to the individual. He discovered the necessity for individual righteousness as the chief factor in a nation's good. To him first it was clear that in God's eyes the unit was not the race or the church, but the man. If Judah was to be saved, it was to be not through the agency of priests or prophets or kings, but by *every one* turning from his evil way. God's dealings, God's care, God's love, included churches and nations of course, but they blessed the individual first. . . .

"Jeremiah preached the doctrine of direct appeal from man to God, of direct response from God to man. . . . *Every one* must turn from his evil way. Turning from an evil way he turns to a good way, and turning to a good way he finds . . . the abundance, protection, and grace of God." (Basil King)

They all shall know Me.—"The sense is not that there shall be no longer any need of instruction in religion, but that for both Jews and Gentiles there shall be direct access to God." (Dummelow)

Jeremiah saw that not to know God meant tragic failure. (2:8; 4:22; 9:3, 6) To know God meant everything worth while. (9:24; 22:16; 24:7)

He taught (vv. 35-37) that the Covenant between God and His people would be as sure as the Divine decrees that held the universe together.

Through his suffering he had been led to this faith. With it though their temple was destroyed and their priests scattered and they themselves were exiled in Babylon, his friends might know that God was with them and would bring them through triumphantly.

QUESTIONS

1. "But this is the covenant—". Complete the verse.
2. What did Jeremiah mean by God writing His law in people's hearts?
3. "And they shall teach no more etc." Does this mean that there shall be no more need of teaching?
4. "They all shall know Me—". Complete the clause.
5. How would all this help the people who were going into exile?
6. What natural objects does Jeremiah mention in the last three verses?

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

SECOND START

(Continued from Page 5.)

movement, maybe he would be well again and could talk to Blackburn. There was something he wished mightily to tell that scowling hurler!

"Watch that bird, Dave," muttered the boy; "that's Spud Buckley, Sunshine's star slugger—something tough now; come on, let's fan him."

And then it happened—Buckley's hit, with the installation of another pitcher. Jimmy held his breath as Dave walked off the diamond, and groaned in sympathy when he perceived the pitcher's wrath. He, as well as Jeff Dean, begged Dave not to leave the field, though of course this advice was not heard.

Jimmy worried and muttered, finally calling to his mother in the adjoining room. "Will you please get me a pencil and paper? I want to write a letter."

* * *

DAVE BLACKBURN was deep in despondency. He had spent a restless night, after reading in the evening paper of how Belldew High had narrowly missed defeat, and what various persons thought of his part in it. He was termed "a good pitcher but petulant and intractable."

Much to Dave's surprise, the postman brought a letter for him that afternoon. Having no correspondents, he fingered the rather soiled envelope curiously.

"A child's writing," he observed, as he tore the envelope. Then, with widening eyes, he read:

"Dear Dave: I am crippled so that I can't go to the ball games as I used to, but I see them from my window on a third floor. I've watched you in every game this season, and I'm sure you're the best high school ball player in this province, or any other.

"I'm writing because I'm afraid you'll leave town, and if you're going to do that, won't you please come and see me before you go? I'd like it so much—I always wanted to be a big, strong fellow, and play ball.

"I saw them make you quit, and I know you was awful mad. If they'll let you try again I hope you win with a shut-out. Please don't leave town without coming. I live at 2218 West Norton Street, across Norton from the ball ground.—Your friend, Jimmy Maten."

A big lump had gathered in Dave's throat. Dazedly, he stared at the letter, but when he started to read it over a mist intervened.

"Crying!" he ejaculated—"and me eighteen! In all this town there's one fellow who cares, who believes in me—a little pal who can't leave his bed—lives in a tenement. And me! Strong as a horse! Why, the kid makes me feel like a yellow quitter! Will I go to see that boy—and how!"

AN elderly woman answered Dave's knock at 2218 Norton Street that same evening. "Yes, Jimmy Maten lives on the third floor, front. You'll have to be careful—no light in the hall up there."

Dave had hardly introduced himself to Mrs. Maten before Jimmy called. "Come on in here."

"I'm just as anxious as he is," smiled Dave, as he was shown into the front room.

They shook hands—the big pitcher and his one admirer.

"I'd hoped you'd come."

"Sure, pal," and Dave's voice was none too steady. "You're in hard luck; when can you be out again?"

"I don't know—unless we had the money for me to go to the hospital. But it's not too bad; put up the blind and you'll see how I watch the show. I get a line on your curves—and I'll tell you the umpire doesn't always see 'em!"

Dave laughed heartily—and when had that happened before? his subconscious mind asked him! This kid made him feel good, like taking a new grip. And Jimmy's next words further developed that feeling.

"You're so big and strong, Dave, you could throw the pill right through the fence. If you ever got the breaks you'd—"

"There's a saying that the really worthwhile fellow makes his own breaks," interrupted Dave, wondering at his own words. "I'm afraid I'm just a big quitter. Did you read the papers last night and this morning?"

"Yes," answered Jimmy spiritedly; "but they're all wet. You're the greatest pitcher ever on that field. Seems to me you just ought to think of nothing else, no difference what's said or



Spirit of Empire

Not once or twice in our rough island's story

The path of duty was the way to glory.

* * *

We sail'd wherever ship could sail

We founded many a mighty state,

Pray God our greatness may not fail

Thro' craven fears of being great.

Til each man find his own in all men's good

And all men work in noble brotherhood.

—Tennyson.

* * *

Keep ye the law; be swift in all obedience;

Clear the land of Evil; drive the road and bridge the ford;

Make ye sure to each his own,

That he reaps where he hath sown;

By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord.

—Kipling.

done, and fan 'em one-two-three—just like that! You could, and then they'd quit ridin' you."

"You're a great little fighter, I can see that," laughed Dave. And in that moment a new determination came to him, and a new method of dealing with his problem.

* * *

CAPTAIN WARD was astonished.

"You're asking for another chance?"

"Yes, just that," reiterated Dave Blackburn. "I've put all personal grudges away. I've got a new viewpoint and I'm going to make myself a place in this school. I've decided that in the past it's been at least half my fault, and I'm going to let action take the place of talk from now on."

Ward hesitated.

"You've said," reminded Dave, "that I could be a star pitcher if I'd quit worrying over the lack of popularity, and earn it. Now I'm out to do that very thing."

Ward extended his hand. "I still think it, Dave."

* * *

THE following Saturday was a memorable day in the athletic history of Belldew High. The time for what Captain Ward had called the "rub game" of the season was at hand.

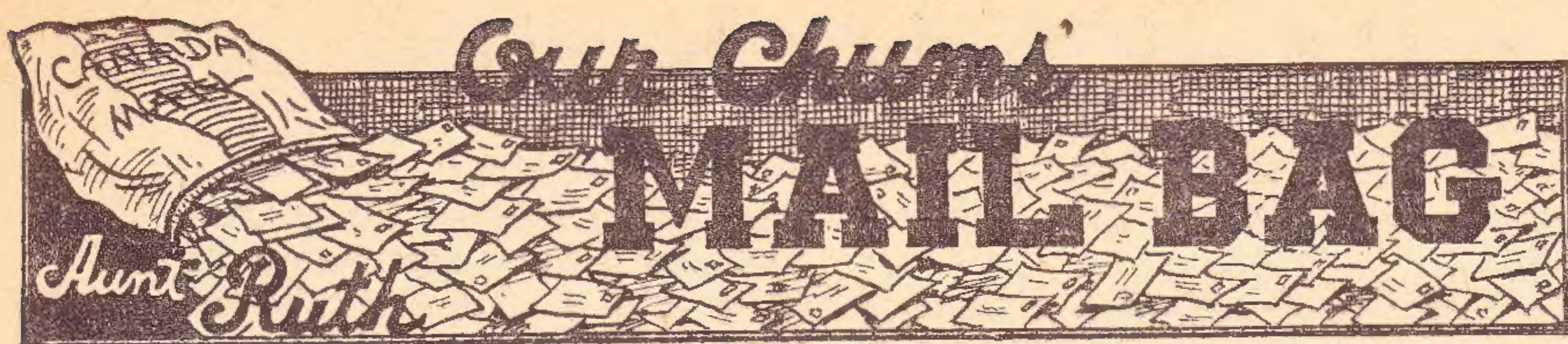
Ninety per cent of the crowd was astonished when Dave Blackburn took his place on the mound. Could it be that Captain Ward was going to use him again? Charlie Cutler, the reporter who had discussed Dave's previous failures in such scathing terms in the evening paper, grumbled and mumbled. "No wonder Belldew can't get on the baseball map," he shouted, "with such a bonehead captain as Ward!"

Dave was perfectly calm, paying no attention whatever to the crowd; and he went into action promptly at the umpire's command "Play ball!"

For nine fast innings that crowd saw pitching such as had never been seen before in Belldew. Fast balls that came up like sizzling white streaks, curves that ducked and darted this way and that, a bewildering change of pace—all this Dave Blackburn dealt out invincibly. The game had started in silence, with the home crowd keenly apprehensive over Dave. But before the third inning had been played out the big throng sensed the change, knew that the big, handsome fellow out there had at last found himself—and the will to win.

Not once through it all did Dave speak unnecessarily, and only once did he do anything not directly concerned with the contest. That was when he waved at someone directly behind the pitcher's box, over toward Norton Street. Then, with a glad smile, he went back to work.

(Please turn to Page 10.)



DEAR CHUMS,—

Friday, May 24th is Victoria Day—Empire Day, we now call it. We look forward to it as a holiday, picnics and hiking parties sound inviting after the long winter and late spring. The great, free out-of-doors is waiting to be explored by us again, and hurrah for the 24th of May. Isn't it great to have a holiday? Yes, isn't it great! And isn't it great, too, to live in a country where we are not only free to go about as we please and enjoy the companionship of friends, but also we are free to think as we wish, free to worship God the Creator and to work out the plan He has for our nation and her part in the life of the Empire. On Empire Day when you are having fun with your friends, remember these things. Remember that we owe our freedom and our safety to people like the great Queen, Victoria, who long ago stood up for the right, insisted on people being honest and helping their neighbors and building up the freedom and democracy that we now have.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

To Sandra Buchanan from
Marjorie George

Dear Sandra:—Thank you very much for your interesting letter. I was very glad to be the one you chose to write to. Beside you and Marjorie Burgess I have only one other pen pal, but would like more, so come on chums.

I have blue eyes and light brown hair too, but am a little taller and weigh a little more than you.

You are certainly getting on well at school. In Saskatchewan we don't take French or Latin until Grade 9. I like most of the subjects in grade eight especially art, reading and music. Do you take music lessons? I do on the piano, I play the violin too. I enjoy reading the Messenger very much and am glad you do too.

We have a Junior Red Cross at school and I am the vice-president.

You said you lived in a fishing village. Please write and tell me more about it. I live on the parklands in Sask. and have seen the treeless prairie. The farthest away from home I've been is Edmonton and Athabaska Landing, but I have never seen the ocean.

We haven't got a big radio but have a crystal set which only gets one station, but we get the CBC programs.

Have you got a diary? I have and find it very interesting. I also have a photograph album that I won at school for having the highest marks in arithmetic one year.

What are your favorite summer sports? I like playing softball. Please write soon, Your new chum.—Marjorie George.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—This is my first letter to your page. I am too young to write. My Grandma is writing for me. I have often listened

to the letters the Chums have written and wished I could write one too. This is my birthday March 31st. I am five years old today. I have brown eyes and nice yellow curls. I wonder if I have a twin. My eldest sister and brother go to school. I play with my little sister at home.

We have had our Sunday School in the houses through the winter. We will soon be going to our church again.

I have memorized The Memory Course and have certificates for ages four and five.

I have an uncle in Grandhurst Sanitarium Ontario. His little boy is at home with his mamma. I will close with love to you and the Chums.—Janet E. Hornibrook.

To Alberta Heasman from
Marion Eyre

Dear Alberta,—As it is quite a while since you wrote to me, I thought I would write a few lines to you.

I was very glad to hear from you and to find that I had a pen pal so near my own age. I hope we can correspond a long time, don't you.

What part of Ontario do you live in? I live about eighteen miles west of Brockville, which is the largest place near us. However, there are several villages near us.

Did you try the riddle contest? What kind of stories do you like best in the Messenger? Continued or short

* This Week's Star Correspondent *

* JANET HORNIBROOK *

* Honorable Mention *

* MARJORIE GEORGE *

stories. I'd rather have continued stories.

What are your hobbies? I collect pictures of the Royal Family. I have one large scrap book full and another large book almost full. I also like to knit, sew, and cook. Can you knit? I have done some knitting for the Canadian Red Cross Society, besides quite a bit of other knitting.

Well, I guess I have written enough now and must close for other Chums' letters. Hope you answer sooner than I did, your pen pal.—Marion M. Eyre, Ont.

P. S. I welcome all letters from other chums.—M. E.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums;—I am writing my first letter to your page. My sister has written a little letter to you and the chums. She is away with Mother and my other little sister Mary to my grandmother's in Campbellton.

I am going to school, I am in grade III. I am nine years old May 18th. I would like to know if I have a twin.

My Mother's birthday is on May 19th.

We get the Northern Messenger. I like to read the letters.

I went last summer to Newcastle and saw the King and Queen. I heard the Queen over the radio April the 13th I was very much pleased to hear her voice.

I wish some one would write to me. Love to you and the chums.—Margaret E. Hornibrook.

SECOND START

(Continued from Page 9.)

The game ended six to nothing. Not a member of the visiting team reached third base. The last man struck out. Dave was surrounded as he tried to make his way to the dressing room.

Charlie Cutler got hold of his hand. "Dave, I'll take it all back—and I'll show you in my next write-up. How in the world did you do it?"

"This will explain it," answered Dave, producing Jimmy's letter, which he had placed in the pocket of his player's suit for this very purpose.

Silence followed his reading; the fellows looked at each other.

"Do we get this little chap fixed up or don't we?" Dave Blackburn demanded. "He's our mascot. He gave me a second start, and now he's going to get one too—if I have to sell my car for the money."

"Give me that letter." Cutler was eager. "It'll make the best copy I ever had, in connection with my write-up on you. I know Jimmy, he carried our paper, and I've wondered what became of him. Don't worry; the Star'll take care of this—and if we don't, I know a wealthy surgeon who would be glad to do it."

The Apple-Tree King

By Joyce C. Killam

For the Messenger.

DONNIE sat in a big chair in front of the fireplace eating an apple. He was counting the shiny brown seeds, and placing them in a neat little row on the arm of the chair. The very last seed was the biggest Donnie ever had seen, and he stared at it curiously.

As he watched, suddenly the seed began to grow. Bigger and bigger grew the seed, and bigger and bigger grew Donnie's eyes, when he saw with astonishment that the seed had changed into a little brown elf-man!

"Who are you?" cried Donnie, more surprised than polite.

The little man bowed and smiled, "I am the Apple Tree King," he replied.

"A king!" mocked Donnie, laughing. "Why, you are only a little old seed I found in my apple."

"That may be," replied the little man. "But come with me, and I will show you my wonderful palace. You shall see then if I am not a powerful king."

So saying, he took Donnie by the hand, and woosh! Away they went through the air, right out the window, which seemed to melt into a mist to let them pass. The next thing Donnie knew, he was standing in front of a tree in the apple orchard which had either grown enormously since the last time Donnie had seen it, or else Donnie had shrunk. But there was not much time to puzzle over that, for the little brown elf stepped up to the tree, and tapped on the trunk three times, saying as he did so—

"Open, open, open to me!

I am the King of the Apple Tree!"

He had no sooner uttered these words than, sure enough, a little door flew open, and the elf-man stepped inside. Donnie followed him, and looked all around curiously. He was disappointed, for all he saw was a round, bare room.

"Why this isn't very wonderful," he said scornfully.

There was no answer. The little elf-man had disappeared, and Donnie was all alone. He ran to the door, but it was shut fast. Then Donnie was angry and afraid, and he began to kick and pound at the door with all his might.

"Kick and pound all you like," said a high, shrill voice in his ear. "It won't do you any good. Everyone has to pay to get out of here."

Donnie looked all around to see who was speaking to him, but the room was still quite empty.

"But I have nothing to pay," he said aloud, in despair.

"Go down the stairs to the Throne Room," said the high shrill voice.

Donnie was sure there hadn't been

any stairs before, but now he looked again, and there, sure enough, were steps leading down, down, down, as far as he could see. Now Donnie was still very, very, very angry, and he started down the stairs crying and stamping his feet with every step he took.

"Look behind you," said the high shrill voice in his ear.

Donnie looked, and lo and behold, every step he had passed had disappeared, so that it was impossible to go up the stairs again.

Donnie was so surprised he stopped crying. Then he remembered his mother had told him many times how naughty it was to stamp his feet and scream, no matter how angry he was.

"I will walk more carefully," he said to himself, and stepped down as softly as he could. He looked back, and all the steps were back in place the same as before.

"But it would be of no use to go back now," thought Donnie, so down he went, and it was not long before he arrived at the bottom of the stairs, and saw stretching ahead of him a long, narrow hallway.

"This must be one of the roots of the tree," said Donnie, laughing as he trotted along. Pretty soon he came to a door. He knocked gently, and the door flew open. There was the prettiest little room, made all of glass, and in the very centre was a big table loaded with hundreds of lovely little cakes, all covered with pink and white frosting.

"My, what a lot of cakes!" said Donnie, and he began to feel very hungry. "Well, I don't suppose it would matter if I took just one teeny tiny one, since there are so very many."

So Donnie reached out and took the very smallest cake he could see, but he no sooner had it in his hand, than it turned as hard and black and heavy as a stone.

"Dear me!" thought Donnie. "It really is wrong to take anything that doesn't belong to one, no matter how small," and he put the cake back on the table. Immediately it became as pink and white as before. Donnie was very glad indeed.

"I must hurry and find the Throne Room," he said. "My mother will be worried about me."

Just as he said this the glass room vanished, and he found himself standing in front of a huge door, marked THRONE ROOM in big, shiny red letters.

Donnie knocked, the door flew open, and Donnie stepped into a very large room. At one end stood a shining throne, and on it sat the little brown elf man, with a jewelled crown on his head. There were many other people in the room, most of them dressed in shiny brown like the Apple Tree King. Kneeling before the throne was a little boy just about Donnie's size.

"What will you promise me if I allow you to leave the Apple Tree Palace and go back to your home?" the king asked the little boy.

"I will give you my china pig bank, and all the money in it," replied the little boy.

"I do not want money," said the king. The boy moved away.

Next a little girl with yellow hair curtsied to the king.

"What will you promise me if I allow you to leave the Apple Tree Palace?" asked the King.

"I will give you my very best doll, that can walk and talk," answered the little girl.

"I do not want toys," said the King, and the little girl moved away.

"It is your turn now," said the high, shrill voice in Donnie's ear. Donnie walked up to the throne and bowed.

"What will you promise me if I permit you to leave the Apple Tree Palace?" asked the King.

Donnie thought very hard.

"If you do not want my money or my toys," said Donnie, "There is only one thing I can promise you."

"What is that?" asked the King.

"I will promise to be a better boy."

"Explain yourself," demanded the King.

"I will be more polite. I will try to control my temper. I won't touch things without permission that do not belong to me. And I will try not to worry my mother."

"That is fine!" cried the King. "You may go!" And the next thing Donnie knew he was back in the big chair in front of the fire.

"Time for bed, Donnie," said his mother. "You fell asleep in your chair."

"Yes, and I had a very strange dream," said Donnie, and he told his mother the story.

"I mean to keep the promise, too," he added, as he kissed his mother goodnight.

Slowly I learned
Not to hurry,
Not to worry;
And slowly learned
While I'm here
Not to fear;
All is in God's hands.

—Anon.

Moral Forces in Finland

EVERYONE is struck with the courage and endurance shown by Finland in her struggle against a nation so many times her size. It seems incredible that, with such small reserves of men and munitions, she should hold out so long. And this country whose greatest asset, according to recent speeches by leading statesmen, is her national unity, was only twenty years ago torn by a civil war as serious and devastating as the recent one in Spain.

It takes a nation long years to recover from the strain of such a struggle, where differences between the conflicting parties are only patched-up, and much bitterness remains. In 1918, Finland's hero and liberator, General Mannerheim, said: "The greatest gift which God could give Finland would be unity," and today that unity has been miraculously achieved.

What is the secret of this unity? It lies in the fact that Finland's resources are moral and spiritual rather than material. In the past few years she has found a new spirit of sacrifice, and a united aim greater than any she had before, and this has come through the devotion of a few who had a vision of God's purpose in the North. This wave of unselfishness and co-operation swept through every section of the national life.

Thus, when war broke out in Western Europe, Finland was ready with a constructive plan.

Even when the invasion began and the war was brought to the very homes of the Finns, their courage, strengthened by their knowledge of God's will and acceptance of His plan, supported them. In the early days of the war urgent requests were sent for supplies of Russian translations of the Bible to distribute to prisoners.

A FINNISH opera singer wrote recently: "The first point in our programme—a united Finland—is realized. Now we look forward to a much greater adventure in the direction of Matthew 5:44." (This reads in Moffat's translation: "But I tell you love your enemies and pray for them who persecute you, that you may be sons of your Father in Heaven.")

Another woman who has had to leave her home says:

"I and my little boy have had to go away from Helsinki because small children are not allowed to be in the big cities. I am working in the Red Cross and have God helping and giving me much strength and love every day. . . .

When we see houses, Red Cross hospitals, trains, people in the country, workers' homes, destroyed, one after another, our security is only in God and His plan for our country and the Christianity of the world, and we find no sacrifice too big for it."

The Finnish people are facing the destruction of all they hold dear, but they are fighting and sacrificing for far more than their home and country. The granddaughter of one of Finland's greatest patriots sums it up in this way:

"It is the moral forces that are supporting us. Our slogans and vision have now a ring of deep reality. 'The North the Reconciler of the Nations' is putting much harder demands on us than we ever expected. It is taking the utmost of work and courage and suffering.

"Finland has been talked of as the 'Flame of the North.' Now that is a fact. God is working with our people and is bringing them to what we had dreamt of. We are dying while you live on. Do you know what you are living for?"—Methodist Recorder.

An Indian Village

Probably the queerest train in the world is that which runs over a 75-mile journey from the Port of Arica, in Chile, to the Indian village of Tachna.

It is a single coach taking fifteen passengers, drawn by an engine which is nothing more than a Ford car fitted with flanged wheels to fit the rails. The only other alteration to the motor-car is an extra petrol tank, so that enough spirit can be carried to enable the train to do the return journey of 150 miles.

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Total	\$726.07

Answers to Young People's Bible Reading

1. Jer. 31:33.
2. That they would come to love God's law and do it of their own accord.
3. No. It means that all men, Jews and Gentiles shall be able to come direct to God.
4. "They shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them."
5. They would know that God would be with them wherever they went.
6. The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, the waves, the heavens above and the foundations of the earth.



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Keep Your Wits Working

STATES IN CONFUSION

Each one of these sets of jumbled letters spells the name of one of the states in the U.S.A.

Assachmtustess, Baskena, Oyrwenk, Tomvern, Nyslnavaipen, Roolacod, Girianiv, Nemia, Iloaranc, Omwexenic, Axest, Shaphe-menwir.

SCRAMBLED ISLANDS

1. Samtania, 2. Gonghonk, 3. Zibranza, 4. Telhensa, 5. Nolecy, 6. Macaaji.

JUMBLED EMPIRE

1. THOUCARIFSA, 2. TRAILSAAU, 3. ANDLAWEZNE, 4. ADACAN, 5. FEWN-OUNDADNL, 6. DINIA.

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in river. It isn't in stream.
My 2nd's in night-mare. It isn't in dream.
My 3rd's in carriage. It isn't in sleigh.
My 4th's in October. It isn't in May.
My 5th's in rocket. It isn't in 'Bang!'
My 6th's in crowd. It isn't in gang.
My 7th's in lip. It isn't in mouth.
My 8th's in east. It isn't in south.
My 9th's in ladle. It isn't in spoon.
My 10th's in star. It isn't in moon.
My 11th's in young. It isn't in old.
Wy whole is,—well, now, you don't need to be told.

It comes with the spring with the leaves and the flowers.

It should give us all some real happy hours.

MIXED LAKES

1. IOUESL, 2. DENMEWRIRE, 3. RAN-TIKE, 4. TICVORNANAZAYI, 5. LAR-NEKLIY, 6. TAROIN.

TWISTED RIVERS

1. ANGESG, 2. HAMEST, 3. LEDYC, 4. LAWTECERS, 5. FIFELY, 6. REBMUH.

EAST AND WEST

The four sides of room or play ground are named East, West, North or South—or are called after places.

The players stand in centre in open formation. They must jump to face direction which the leader calls. Those who make mistake are "out."

Their alertness can afterwards be tested in having them jump to face opposite direction called.

ALL IN ONE LETTER

Take a piece of paper and a pencil, and ask any member of the party if he can write his name in one letter.

When he has failed all you have to do is to draw a large "O" and then write your name inside it—afterwards beating a hasty retreat from the room.

Be careful to make the "O" large enough.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Enigma.—A potato.

Lost Cities.—1. Saskatoon, 2. London, 3. Saint John, 4. Halifax, 5. Fredericton, 6. Calgary, 7. Montreal, 8. Quebec, 9. Ottawa, 10. Regina, 11. Toronto, 12. Victoria.

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

Contributed Riddles.—1. With a spoon, 2. Mustard, 3. Gloves, 4. Get on, 5. A lamp, 6. His own son.—From Reta Penney.

COULDN'T REMEMBER

A little girl went into a local chemist's and asked to be served with "a penn'orth of piano." "What is it for?" asked the puzzled shopman. "It's to clean grease spots off father's coat." "Oh, it is ammonia you want!" "Yes—that's it—'armonium. I knew it was something to play on!"

JUST FORGET

Mother, as Willie pushes back his chair from the dinner table: "Now, what do you say, dear?"

Willie, after a hard think: "My! It's so long since we had company last I've clean forgot!"

TRY THE OTHERS

Waiter: "These are the best eggs we have had for years."

Diner: "Well, bring me some you haven't had so long."

AS SHE IS SPOKE

Hawkins: "Did you have any trouble with your French when you were in Paris?" Dorkins: "I didn't, but the Parisians did!"

THE SOFT ANSWER

Mother (at tea): "Tommy, your hands are dirty!"

Tommy: "Yes, Mummy. I didn't wash them so's I'll be ready for gardening directly after tea."

COMING ALONG

Carpenter: "Well, Willie, have you sharpened all the tools?"

Apprentice: "Yes, all but the saw. I haven't got all the gaps out of that yet."

GOOD ADVICE

Athlete (boastfully): "I've had my nose broken three times in the same place."

Friend: "You really should keep your nose out of that place."

Traveller: "I never have the slightest trouble getting housewives to look into what I sell."

Friend: "No? And what do you sell?"

Traveller: "Mirrors."

IT'S YOU!

You say the world looks gloomy,
The skies are grim and grey,
The night has lost it's quiet,
You fear the coming day?

The world is what you make it;
The sky is grey or blue
Just as your soul may paint it;
It isn't the world—it's you.

Clear up the clouded vision,
Clean out the foggy mind;
The clouds are always passing,
And each is silver lined.

The world is what you make it—
Then make it bright and true;
And when you say it's gloomy
It isn't the world—it's you.

—Sel

The Sea

Rivers not only carry sediment, which is suspended in their water in consequence of the speed at which they flow, but they also dissolve many substances. The Thames is estimated to bring down with it into the sea half a million tons of mineral salts every year.

This constant transport of dissolved substances into the sea has made it salt throughout, common salt being the most readily soluble of minerals, and therefore the most readily transported by rivers. Thus all lakes without an outlet become saltier and saltier, as the amount of water in them is kept practically constant by evaporation, which does not effect mineral salts constantly poured into them. Rivers are always at work removing solid matter from the land and wearing down its general level.

GENERAL SMUTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

about Canada. Then he sent me to a tent in which was the wounded soldier, and said, 'Good-bye, Dr. Cormac, you and your friend will be sent back to the British line tomorrow morning.'

"General Smuts was as good as his word, and the next morning my wounded friend, (who afterwards recovered), and I were sent back safely to British headquarters. From that day to this I have had the greatest interest in and respect for Jan Christian Smuts. Long may he live to uphold Britain in South Africa."—Montreal Gazette.

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JELLY ROLL

3-4 cup sifted cake flour, 3-4 teaspoon baking powder, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, 3-4 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup jelly.

Measure flour after sifting once. Combine baking powder, salt and eggs in bowl. Place this over a smaller bowl containing hot water, and beat mixture with a rotary egg beater, adding sugar gradually meanwhile until mixture thickens and the color becomes lighter. Then remove from hot water and fold in flour and vanilla.

Turn mixture into greased pan, 15 x 10 inches, which has been lined with greased paper. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) 13 minutes. Quickly cut off crisp edges of cake. Turn from pan promptly on to a fresh cloth covered with powdered sugar. Remove paper. Spread with jelly almost to the edge, and roll quickly. Wrap in cloth and cool.

VANILLA ICE CREAM

2-3 cup sweetened condensed milk, 1-2 cup water, 1 1-2 teaspoons vanilla, 1 cup whipping cream.

Blend sweetened condensed milk, water and vanilla thoroughly. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Freeze as usual. Serves 6.

ORANGE SAUCE

Grated rind of 1 orange, 1-2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 2-3 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, 2-3 cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Put grated orange rind, sugar and cornstarch in saucepan, mix well, pour on boiling water and cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly, then add butter. Pour mixture over well-beaten egg; return to saucepan; stir constantly, and cook 2 minutes. Add fruit juices, beat well and cool.

When is a Party a real Party?

WHY DON'T you come over with the children when they come to Johnny's party?" said Mrs. Andrews. "I'd just love to have you. In fact, it would make the whole afternoon more bearable. My dear, why do you suppose we never have children's parties? I consider them the most hideous experience a parent can have."

It certainly did not sound auspicious; but Bobbie, Alice and I climbed into the car on the appointed day to vindicate that ancient epigram that hope always triumphs over experience.

We arrived at Mrs. Andrews' to find a seething mass of children, cooped up in the house already embarked on individual and collective careers of destruction. They were of both sexes, and their ages ranged from 10 to 2.

Johnny greeted Bobbie with delight. "Come on," he said, "let's get away from these kids. We can go up and look at my train."

My heart sank and, although I defeated that project with a plea for greater "social feeling," I foresaw an afternoon fraught with discord.

Without elaborating further, I may say that I never spent a worse three hours. There was considerable gang warfare. The house was hot and overcrowded. The mothers tried to talk between excursions taken to rescue their offspring. The entertainment which was provided, an elaborate Punch and Judy show, so terrified the little children that several were carried screaming from the room. When supper was

finally served, it was too rich for most of them. At last, however, 6 o'clock came and gathering up Bobbie and Alice I fled to the peace and serenity of home.

* * *

"WELL, children, did you have a nice time?" I tried to fill my voice with optimism.

Alice said, "No, I hated the Punch and Judy. Why was Punch so horrid, mother? There aren't any real people as bad as that, are there?"

And Bobbie said, "Gee, I thought it was a bum party. There wasn't anything to do, mother. And there were so many little kids, you couldn't even have a good rough-house. Johnny said he didn't want all those kids; but his mother told him their mothers would get their feelings hurt, if she didn't ask them."

I thought morosely that all the suffering inflicted on the adults present had not done any one any good, for apparently no one had a pleasant time.

So it is with many parties for children. The parents dread them, and the children behave badly and often come home as candidates for a vigorous "dose" or a day in bed.

Yet parties for children can be the greatest possible fun! Ever since Bobbie and Alice were small, they have always looked forward to theirs with delight.

I began by giving the word "party" a meaning that it does not generally have for children. A "party" was to

be something they most wanted to do with their friends—not with their acquaintances or with the children of my friends. Consequently, we have had parties for two and parties for twenty, but we have never had social functions.

The next thing I stipulated was that, except in bad weather, most of the party should be held outdoors. I happen to live in the country, but I have also seen this plan worked by practical mothers who live in town and make use either of the back yard or of the nearest park. Children grow restive indoors, and it is hard to find a house or an apartment big enough to contain the feuds which are sure to develop in a group. Moreover, if children are kept indoors, they have to be hushed continually and told to be careful of the furniture, and that is scarcely fun for them.

I plan, then, to start the party outdoors, and I always have long lines of potatoes laid out on the ground so that those who arrive first may be started off in a potato race. This race may be run in heats in order to give the late comers their chance without keeping the first children waiting. Whether it is for adults or children, any party that starts off with a "bang" is more likely to be a success than one at which the guests stand idly for the first half hour.

After the potato race has been run and prizes have been duly awarded, I often plan a bag race. For this contest I secure sacks and strong twine from the nearest grocer or hardware dealer. Each child puts both legs in the sack, which is then tied firmly around the middle; he must jump himself from the starting line to his destination. I always allow extra time for this competition because the children simply adore it. They do not want to confine themselves to one race. They want to practice and become expert at it. They can also play tag, tied up in their bags. I do not know which gives the more gratifying results—the energy they work off as they tumble about, or their roars of delight as they watch the awkwardness of the others.

It is a good plan to have something quiet for them to turn to after such strenuous exercise. A cobweb, woven in and out among the bushes, or among the chairs and tables if the party is indoors, is an endless source of interest. This maze may be constructed by tying small presents to the ends of pieces of string, hiding these presents and then winding the strings about so that it will take time to find them. There should be a string for each child, and if there is a difference in their ages or tastes, I always put the name of the child on the end of the string from which I want him to start. In this way I am sure that 10 year old Johnny does not get a rag doll or 3 year old Beatrice a bag of marbles.

(To Be Concluded.)

MONTREAL, MAY 17, 1940.

Montreal, May 17, 1940.

Page Fifteen

MR. MASSEY CALLS TO YOUTH

THE Hon. Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner to Great Britain addressed a great service for youth in Westminster Abbey.

He said in part:

"Solemn persons now and in former years have expressed doubt about the young men and women of their day. They have asked, 'Are they idle? Have they become soft and indifferent to inherited traditions?' How unreal such apprehensions seem today! How superbly have they been refuted!

"Humanity is beholden today to the young men and women of our time for their belief in truth and liberty, a belief that has been expressed more than once. We have reasons to thank them humbly for their example in the present hour, for their eagerness, their courage and their devotion.

"When the guns have been silenced, and peace has been restored, the remaking of the world will rest on you. The rebuilding will be a difficult time, a time when the reaction from the war will be felt. It will be a time when dispassionate thinking will be most needed.

"We entered into this conflict without illusions. Let us hope that with the approach of peace the same clear minds will be ours. Just then we shall need the vision and the strength of youth."

The most tragic feature of the present era of dictatorships is the corruption of youth. It is said that most of the German soldiers who have inflicted almost incredible barbarities on prisoners in concentration camps are youths of from 17 to 22 years of age.

Only a few years ago these were kindly, fun loving, German boys not so very different from our own Canadian or British boys. The black magic of Naziism has turned them into savages,—with the added horror that their savagery is a deliberate return to "the tiger and the ape" encouraged by their rulers and preceptors.

Youth is loyal, is adventurous, is

gregarious. As Mr. Massey said, "The very virtues of youth have been put to sinister uses."

To counter this, as everyone agrees, Naziism must be defeated. It may take long, but there can be no peace in the world till it is accomplished.

Something else is needed. Youth in the Democracies must be trained and disciplined. Not chiefly in military ways, though indeed this may become necessary. The greatest and noblest discipline is self-discipline. Organizations like the Boys' Brigade and Boy Scouts encourage and inculcate this sort of discipline.

Workers are badly needed in these organizations. To help in this field of labor is a service to our country and its future.

WHY BLOCKADE?

TO a gathering of more than 500 members and associates of the American Chamber of Commerce in Britain, Ronald Cross, Minister of Economic Warfare in the British Government, explained the present restrictions on British purchases in the U.S.A. and the dislocation of trade inseparable from imposition of a blockade. Mr. Cross said that in point of fact Britain was the greatest sufferer from her own blockade and that though the government was doing all in its power to ease the situation for neutrals, still he had to think of the blockade "in terms of the lives of our men."

"The last few weeks must have made it clear to all we are in grim earnest and we are fighting for our lives," he said. "By waging economic warfare to the utmost we believe we shall shorten the war many months, and this weapon can thus be a means of saving innumerable lives and hastening the time when the world will again be free of the curse that now lies upon it." He thought many neutrals would recoil at the thought of preferring their own profit to the lives of soldiers, sailors and airmen who were fighting to uphold the standards of civilization.

He vigorously refuted the "lying tale" that by inspection of the mails the Government was "engaged in stealing

orders from United States firms for the benefit of the British."

"The examination of mails on every route is essential to the conduct of the blockade. I could tell many interesting stories of the frauds being practised in order to induce us to grant exemption on German exports. And while we get many letters of complaint from those who have suffered hardships we also received many from neutral countries urging us not to give way."

Mr. Cross paid tribute to the United States' "moral embargo" on airplanes and certain materials to nations guilty of bombing civilians.

Many people in the United States realize that Britain and France are fighting for the freedom of America as well as of Europe.

Some day all civilized countries will refuse to sell any war supplies to aggressor nations. In the meanwhile this duty has been left to Britain and France which are engaged in war, not only in defence of their own existence, but of the existence of freedom and democracy in the world.

ANTI-GOSSIP

"BE CAREFUL. Do not discuss naval, military or air force matters." So reads a poster which has been sent out by defence headquarters for display in places frequented by the public. These are similar to those posted in the leading seaports early in the war. These were specially a warning to men of the fighting forces. The later issue is intended to warn civilians, even those in inland parts, that they must observe similar reticence.

We have people of many races in Canada. In a very large proportion they are good Canadians and are as earnest as any other Canadians in support of our war effort. But there is always the possibility of enemy agents being among us.

The great mass of the information that these agents might pick up would be of little or no value to Hitler and his friends. But there is always the chance of some item of information being overheard which, combined with others in possession of the enemy, would be really important, perhaps leading to disastrous results.

Let us guard our tongues especially when in public places. "Idle words" sometimes do an immense amount of mischief.

"I Love Postmen"

"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

LET us imagine what it would be like if all the post offices in the Province of Quebec were suddenly to be closed up. To say that people would be severely annoyed and greatly inconvenienced would be putting it mildly.

As it is, the Postal Service never stops. Were it held up for even for a few minutes of its schedule, consternation would be widespread.

From the busy inter-sections of the city of Montreal to the remote concession roads in the outermost parts of the Chateauguay Valley or the far away regions of the Gaspé Peninsula the people of the Province of Quebec take it for granted, as they do the right to travel along the highways, that anybody with three cents may send a strictly private message across the whole country in a matter of a few hours.

It is one of the most tremendous powers society has been able to confer upon itself, and one of the most democratic.

Ramifications of the service are tremendous. Centrally located communities of any size throughout the district have their post offices with rural routes reaching out until practically every house and person receives individual service, usually once a day or oftener.

The number of post offices in Canada goes steadily upward, reaching 12,421 last year, with Ontario having the most of any province, 2,623.

Costs of operation are tremendous but the Post Office tends to give the people more and better service year by year. An example of this is the airmail service. The great god Speed is worshipped to no end and the airplane is now used in adoration of speed, carrying mail from coast to coast in Canada.

Unlike Topsy, this development cannot be explained by a simple "just grewed." It is a long story of human struggle, mostly against human selfishness.

COSTLY IN EARLY DAYS

ALTHOUGH "posting" messages to distant places is mentioned in ancient literature, it meant a lot more than dropping a letter in some convenient box. "Posting" meant establishing, or arranging for a series of relay "posts," where messengers and horses could be renewed. Naturally a poor man could not get in on such an expensive service.

When Canada became British territory there was established a postal system connecting various parts of the British Empire.

However, rates were high. The unit of delivery was the "single letter" which had to be one piece of paper weighing not more than an ounce—if there was so much as a separate scrap of paper, it ceased to be a "single letter" and was subjected to increased rates.

Envelopes were not used; single pages were written on as finely and closely as possible, sometimes having lines of writing on top of each other at right angles; the pages were folded over so as to leave a blank space for the address. People used all sorts of schemes to cut down the cost of letter writing, especially across the ocean.

How Does Your Garden Grow?

By GUS SIVERTZ in the *Vancouver Sun*.

M a formalized affair of bordered walks and little squares and Y friend has a garden. It is not rectangles of grass and bloom. Instead it is the sort of garden that is the result of long hours of patient and loving toil and of informal planning.

I hear about it every day, winter, spring, summer and fall; and the strange thing is that my friend does not bore me. Perhaps this is because we are all gardeners at heart even if "green fingers" have been denied some of us. And perhaps it is because the story of a garden is like the story of life itself.

You cannot say of it, as you can of a building or a machine, "There it is in all its glory—complete. I shall now stop working at it and sit quietly to enjoy it."

VICTORY OVER STUMPS

WHEN I first looked at my friend's lots—there are two on a north-western corner so that the sun of the evening floods it with soft light and warmth at the end of the day—I thought he should never conquer the great fir and cedar stumps that stood out like huge warts from the ground.

And the soil was not good. It needed help of all sorts. Good rich and well-rotted barn manure besides lime and chemical fertilizer. It needed deep trenching for some of the vegetables and careful tillage.

But my friend did all these things. He denied himself a score of little luxuries of person so that he could build around himself and his children a place

Canadian clamor for local postal control bore fruit and around 1850 a standardized postal system on present day principles came into being. Old abuses were swept away. A standard rate regardless of distance was established.

In 1878 Canada was admitted to the world postal union and thereafter has been able to send letters for a few cents to almost any person anywhere in the world.

Every Post Office in this country is definitely a part of that great system which services the whole world at so little cost. These small post offices are integral links of a vast chain of services which circles the world. And faithful and valuable links they are.

We take off our hats to the country post offices. They render a real service which would only be fully appreciated if they suddenly stopped their service. —Huntingdon Gleaner.

that would provide the background for years of solid comforting enjoyment.

Bit by bit the stumps were conquered and bit by bit the soil was made to yield a harvest of rich and varied bloom and succulent vegetables for his table. The fruits will be later, of course, when the young trees reach maturity.

DEEP SATISFACTION

SO the miracle has come about slowly according to a pattern that lived in my friend's mind. Today he has a garden and with it the deep satisfaction that comes to people who add their cunning and their toil to assist nature in spreading a mantle of loveliness over this world.

The satisfaction is an enduring and permanent one. Not for him the eternal itching and questioning, "What will we do this week-end?" . . . "Where will we go today?"

Every moment that may be spared from grubbing in the gold mill to provide the means of life is devoted to the garden and every hour spent there brings its own reward.

I was going to say I envy him. Yet this is not wholly true, for each man that makes a garden, makes it not for himself alone, but for you and me and those many others who are not blessed with the gardener's imagination or his delicate and careful touch.

MEANS OF DEFENCE

Magistrate—What have you brought that thick stick into court for?

Defendant—Well, my missus told me I must come provided with a means of defence, and I've brought it.